

Friends Discuss Alien "Language"

-Language? laughs he. We never bothered! Transmitting, as it does, imprecision, exaggeration, and lying.

Oh? counters yours truly to him or it, How about "Bring home a dozen eggs, Honey."?

-Well, enunciation of the Honey depends on mood or could be mindless--like the one of blowsy old waitresses.

-You're splitting hairs. Or breaking balls--which is the same thing to you.

-Anyway, after your trump card, he, of course, smiles.

-Yeah! So damn superior!

-Anyway, they have no language. A chip implant kicks in when you talk to them and handles things automatically. In their culture, thought-recipient, aka Honey, just shows up with the eggs.

-Big deal! Someday we'll wipe that damn smile...

-Whoa! Wanna get both of us zapped?

-Baloney! Have you ever seen anyone...?

-It's not like old Buck Rogers movies. Dissolved into visual marmalade. It's one nano second you're here, the next...?

-Oh yeah? Well just maybe we're smarter than...!

-We're not.